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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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TEACHING TRUE

By Dorothy Waldo.

When the letter came, the Morris family gathered at once for a conference. "Of course you can do it, Alice," said her mother. "You know everyone likes to hear you play."

Alice crumpled the envelope in her hand. "But, mother, don't you understand that playing simple tunes for unmusical people in a little town is very different from teaching the violin in a very important private school near a big city? Everyone knows good music there."

"You have been well taught, Alice," said her father quietly from his wheel chair. "You might have gone far if—" He broke off abruptly with a downward glance at his body, so shrunken under the lap robe.

"Don't, father dear! You know I have been very, very happy here in the high school, and probably I never could have succeeded as a fiddler, besides—"

"Oh, come on!" interrupted the irreverent Jack. "You know you can make all the old ladies cry any time. Besides, think of the salary! Just three times what the stingy Southbury school committee will pay you. Think what we all could do with that money!"

Think indeed! Alice smoothed the crumpled letter out on the table before her. To teach the violin and English at the famous Beechmont school! To have all that money each month! Father could have the message that might restore his health; mother might lose that tired wrinkle; Jack could stay on at his beloved school; even little three-year-old Teddy might profit by it. But—was it honest? It did not seem to her that she was capable of teaching the violin. She had so often met in New York struggling violinists with acquisitions much greater than her own. She turned to her father.

"Daddy," she said, laying her hand on his, "is it honest?"

Her father smiled. "Women are often over-conscientious about business matters," he said. "Remember that, though you have not a great technique, what you can do you do well. I should write to Mrs. Vose at Beechmont, telling her how you feel, and let her decide whether she still wants your services."

To Alice's astonishment, the principal of Beechmont seemed undisturbed by her letter of confession, and it was settled that she should take the position in a month. As preparation, she worked over a few of the best pieces of music in her limited repertoire. She knew that at the school she must play and play often.

"Choose simple things and do them well," said her father. "Most violinists do big things badly."

How she blessed the work of that greatest of contemporary violinists, Jules Circeux! It seemed almost as if he had known her problem, and that out of all the world of music he had chosen the loveliest things and arranged them expressly for her to play.

Her last night at home she played for them all as they sat round the crackling fire. "I can announce my programme in one word," she said, with a laugh; "It's Circeux. We have Bach, arranged by Circeux; Paganini, simplified by Circeux; et cetera, edited by Circeux." Then, watching the fire-light flicker on their dear faces, and wondering whether she could succeed for them, she began to play. Presently Jack stirred. "Now, Alice, play the Home Tune before I go to bed, will you? Mother, you play the accompaniment for her."

Once more Alice drew her bow across the strings while her mother picked out the accompaniment from her father's manuscript. It was her own tune now, the one she had made for them round the fire, and for which her father had written the accompaniment.

"Here we are, all sitting round the fire," she began with the first low G-string notes.

Jack interrupted. "Yes, and then father and mother begin to talk together; I can hear them."

Alice smiled. She did not need to interpret that music—they knew every note. In silence, she played to the very end, tenderly, with the consciousness that it was the last time,

"Those last notes mean the fire's out, and everyone's got to go to bed," said Jack.

The first weeks her work at Beechmont went far more easily than Alice had dared to hope. Of her ability to teach English, there had never been any question. Her violin pupils proved to be beginners, and she soon realized that her sound, if limited, knowledge was helping them. As the busy, happy weeks slipped by, she began to be thankful that she had had courage to try the work.

Not until the end of the second month did anything happen to rouse her sleeping doubts of herself. A new pupil came, a little, eager girl, tingling with the love of music and the desire to begin to study the violin. She was different from those other uninspired pupils; she listened absorbed where others waited only for the hour of teaching to end. Alice realized grimly that within two years this child would test all of her powers. She determined that all she could teach her should be taught true.

Then a chance remark by a pupil to whom she was holding up Adele as an example made her heart sink. "Of course Adele ought to do better than I!" said the sulky child. "Look at her uncle!"

"What has Adele's uncle to do with her playing?" asked Alice patiently.

"Don't you know?" asked the child. "Why, her uncle is Circeux, and of course she ought to do well. His wife is Adele's very own aunt."

Alice heard no more of the child's grumbling. Adele, the niece of Jules Circeux! And she, impostor, was teaching her the violin!

It did not astonish her very much, somehow, when she met Miss Vose in the hall that very day, to find her beaming with pride and importance over some news that had just arrived.

"My dear, I have such a treat for you!" said the principal. "The great Jules Circeux comes here to-night with his wife. Of course, they and little Adele will dine with me. In the evening I have asked several people in to meet them, and I want you to come and play for us. Some of them little things you play so well."

"Oh, no!" gasped Alice. "I couldn't, Miss Vose—I couldn't!" Miss Vose frowned a little. She was not used to being opposed. "But certainly, my child. Everyone praises your work here at Beechmont. You are certainly qualified to play as I ask you to."

The unmusical lady moved majestically away, and Alice shut herself in her room, sick at heart. To stand before him whom she so revered—to reveal to him that in that great art which must be real to be beautiful she was a mere pretender—seemed more than she could bear. Those others did not know enough of music to realize it; he would see the truth the moment she first drew her bow across the strings.

In keen distress she paced up and down her room. It did not help that there was a jubilant letter from home, acknowledging a check from her. Father's paralysis seemed less complete, and Jack was at the head of his class. Well, she had given them a little time of help, at any rate. She would have that to think of, after the great Circeux had told them all, and had put a real violinist in her place.

At last the hour came when she could delay no longer. Deliberately she dressed, and with her violin under her arm, started down the long hall to Miss Vose's apartment. As she approached the door, a man crossed in front of her from a side corridor. She recognized him at once—Jules Circeux, the great, the dreaded. Quick decision came to her. Those twittering people on the other side of that door would never understand; but he should know that she knew.

"Monsieur," she said. The figure turned cautiously. "Mam'selle? Ah, a violinist!"

Alice spoke rapidly: "Yes I teach the violin here. I teach Adele. I want to tell you myself what you will realize if I am forced to play. I know I am not a good violinist. I ought not to be holding this position. I have to, though, and I can honestly say that what I know I do teach true."

The great violinist was smiling kindly down at her. "The little lady is greatly distressed," he said. "Perhaps there is no need. If she can teach true, the greatest can do no more."

He opened the door, and Alice, cold with dread, entered the brilliantly lighted room. It seemed only a second before the principal was blandly insisting that she play for the master, only a second before she found herself facing a politely expectant group of parents and instructors.

"Play one of those little things we all like," urged Miss Vose. "I want Monsieur Circeux to hear them."

Then in a flash the monstrosity of it dawned upon Alice. "Those little things" were all M. Circeux's. There was scarcely a piece of music in her repertoire that he had not arranged and played himself at his great concerts. She could not stand up there and ruin them for him. For a minute she felt her hand grow clammy on the neck of her violin. Then out of her desperation grew determination, and she spoke quite calmly.

"I think I will play you something else if I may. It is a very melody called the Home Tune. At first, the mother and father are supposed to be sitting by the fire, talking quietly. Then the boy interrupts with some of his school news, and the three-year-old asks for a story about what the fire fairies are doing. After it is told, the family sit quietly and dream into the embers."

Then she began to play. As the familiar double stops formed under her fingers, the dear, dim picture grew in her mind. Gradually the staring, rustling group in front of her faded, and she was playing for the loved audience for whom she had composed the music. In memory she saw the smile on her mother's gentle face, she heard Jack's pleased voice say, "Now I come in," and Teddy's clear, high little "An' now the fairies dance-an'-sing." Even as she played, she smiled at the way Teddy pronounced "dance-and sing" as one word.

The last note ended, and there was an instant of hushed silence. Then a fat parent wiped away a futile tear, and the principal said in a crisp, satisfied tone, "That is very sweet. Now, play one of those—"

But Jules Circeux had walked over to Alice.

"Did you write that music?" he asked quietly.

"Why, yes," said she, startled. "But how did you—"

"Is there an accompaniment? Who wrote that?"

"My father; it is in my room."

"Will you get it, and let me play it for you? I should like to hear the music again."

So the bewildered girl found herself playing the Home Tune again, playing as if in a dream with the great Circeux for an accompanist. When the music ended for the second time, the master turned his back upon the audience.

"I want to talk to you," he said. "You were right in what you said: you are not a fine violinist. Why are you teaching here?"

Quietly she told him.

"This Home Tune was for your family?"

She nodded. You told me that you tried to teach true. I know that is so, for I have this afternoon heard Adele play. The fundamentals of her work are right. Your technique is not far advanced, but its principles are excellent. You are much better fitted to teach here than many with a more showy accomplishment."

At that Alice gave a little gasp of unbelief, but he paid no attention to it and hurried on:

"But this music—this is different. I spend my lifetime trying to find music for the hearts of the people. I find it pretty and brilliant and sentimental, but oh, so rarely—real. You said you tried to teach true. I believe you, because your music plays true."

"Thank you—But I—" stammered Alice; but again he hushed her.

"Listen only a minute," he said. "I want this music. I want to play it to my audiences, to make them see the firelight and hear the little boy's fire fairies. I will give you

one thousand dollars for the privilege of playing it, and a royalty on every copy that is sold with my accompaniment. Is it enough?"

For an instant Alice felt the quiver of her lips getting beyond her control. Then under that kindly eager smile of Jules Circeux she pulled herself together.

"It would be too much, if it were not for them," she said. "Do you really want it? And do you mean that you really want me to stay here—and teach Adele?"

The master smiled again. "Dear child," he said, "when Adele is grown, she will count herself blessed to have worked with a little lady who has a threefold care: to teach true, and play true, and live true."—*Youth's Companion.*

National Association of the Deaf.

GALLAUDET MONUMENT REPLICA FUND.

BULLETIN No. 19

The following contributions to the Fund for the Gallaudet Monument Replica to be erected at Hartford, Ct., have been received:—

Previously reported . . . \$4,374 50

Collected by M. A. Bradbury, E. Auburn, Me.

Lewis Division, No. 89	\$10 00
Mr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Morrell	1 00
Miss Irene Morrell	15
Miss Susie Morrell	25
Miss Dorinda Garneau	25
Mr. Isaac Campbell	50
Mr. and Mrs. Mathion A. Bradbury	1 00
Mr. Warren K. Sanborn	50
Mr. H. M. Lamb	1 00
Mr. Charles A. Riggs	50
Mr. Melborne Dorsey	25
Mr. George F. Carsey	1 00
Mr. Donald Gledhill	50
Mr. James Gillison	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Fogg	2 00

Collected by E. G. Graves, Everett, Mass.

Robert P. Jordan	25
Edward A. McIntee	50
N. L. Daniels	50
Albert Bellemore	50
R. Graves	50

Through I. W. Bouchard.

Hartford Division, No. 37, N. F. S.

D. 8 25

Total \$4,405 00

THOMAS FRANCIS FOX, Chairman.

HARRY D. DRAKE, Treasurer.

JOHN O'ROURKE

Committees of the N. A. D.

August 28, 1923.

"Well Known Actress Loses—" Not

Jewels But Her Hat.

It may be that Lynn Fontanne who plays in the comedy "In Love With Love" has heard that the editors have passed resolutions against the "lost jewel" story, or it may be that Miss Fontanne is a bit absent-minded. Her friends will cling to the latter theory. Anyway Miss Fontanne asks the great populace to help her find not her lost jewels or her lost dog—but her lost hat.

It happened last Sunday when Miss Fontanne was coming down on the train from New London. The fault is partly hers she will admit, because she took her hat off in the train and didn't put it back on when she got out at Grand Central Station. Daily inquiries to the lost and found Department have not recovered her hat and she is disconsolate. Losing jewels would be nothing, Miss Fontanne avers as you could replace them at any drug store or notion department. But this hat—well, this one was the one friend husband liked. And hats in that category come only once in a lifetime.

The hat is a small one of tan silk with streamers of tulle. There is a reward offered for the finder, or rather the one who returns it to the Ritz Theatre, as Miss Fontanne is sure that the hat has been found. How else, she asks, could there be so many like it up and down Fifth Avenue on the heads of the smartly-dressed women?

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

Rev. Warren M. Smalts, Missionary, 839 N. Hartville Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

During July, August and September:

First Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Holy Communion.

Second Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.

Third Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.

Fourth Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.

Fifth Sunday, 7:45 P.M., Evening Prayer.

You are cordially invited.

GALLAUDET HOME.

The following appeared in the *Silent Worker* of a recent issue:

"Mrs. Hattie R. Tobin has been admitted into the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, after a residence here (Trenton, N. J.) with her sister, Mrs. Moore, for a number of years. Mrs. Tobin is 79 years of age, and until recently has mingled freely with the deaf hereabouts. Failing eyesight made it no longer safe for her to venture outside her home alone, but having learned how to grow old gracefully she retained a large circle of admiring friends, and these she enjoyed visits from quite frequently. She was taken to the Home Sunday, May 27th. Her numerous Trenton friends, desiring to give her a good send off, tendered her a farewell reception in the auditorium of the Trenton School Thursday evening, May 24th. Given the seat of honor on the platform Mr. Pope, Mr. Porter, Miss Somers and Mr. Stephenson each recounted Mrs. Tobin's many virtues, and told her how sorry they were to part with a good old friend, and hoped she would find peace and happiness at her new retreat. She was presented with a collection of a handsome little sum of money and numerous articles for her use and comfort. Ice cream and cake were then served to a hundred. Dancing followed. Mrs. Tobins was asked to dance, but felt too infirm to. Late in the evening, as she stepped in Mr. Pope's waiting car, she was showered with 'good byes,' as she was being returned to her home. Since her departure we learn that an advanced Sunday Class' collection amounting to \$10 and other donations raised the amount to about \$50."

And so Mrs. Tobin, as above stated, arrived some time after one o'clock P.M. Janitor Bergen brought her and her party up from New Hamburg Station. Her sister, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Powers, a warm friend of Mrs. Tobin and Mrs. Moore, and Elsie, a daughter of Mrs. Moore's daughter who died long ago, accompanied Mrs. Tobin all the way from Trenton, N. J., just for company and to have a look at the place where she is to spend the remainder of her days. At about five o'clock that same afternoon Mrs. Blanchard and Mrs. Beers and their little girl arrived here from Middletown, N. Y. They are cousins of Mrs. Tobin and her sister, and had come to take Mrs. Moore over to their home in Middletown to stay with them all summer. They left here with Mrs. Moore in their car, and Mrs. Powers and Elsie were taken to the New Hamburg Station, where they boarded a train for New York City.

Mrs. Tobin is not by any means a stranger in a strange place here, for when she was quite a young lady she spent much of her time in charitable work and in helping St. Ann's Church and this Home in various ways, and for a short time resided here. Her aunt did much for this Home too. Mrs. Tobin feels that she is admirably situated here. She says the place is considerably better in every way than it used to be. Once in a while Mrs. Moore and cousins come over from Middletown to make her a visit, and she enjoys their call immensely.

On the afternoon of the 27th of July, Mrs. Sarah Sehnit, who is now 78 years of age, came to live here. She came all the way from Troy, N. Y., in a car with her niece.

Now there are thirteen women and twelve men here. The unlucky number seems to have an inclination to keep on the women's side. Their number has been thirteen for the past several years.

On the 10th of May Mrs. Catharine Leary left here to spend the summer with her sister, who lives in Byron, a suburb of Rochester, N. Y. She will return here in September. She writes a friend here that she is having a good time.

On the afternoon of the 17th of July, a dusty Sedan car buzzed up along the ninety-five foot asphalt porch, and the lady who stepped out of it was Mrs. E. D. Jordan, who had come all the way from Pittsburgh, Pa., with her husband, who drove the car, to make her sister, Mrs. Dixon and her brother Samuel

a visit. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan left here for Boston on the morning of the 22d of July. Before they go back home they will visit many places.

Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, a gentleman who is loved by all who know him, was with us on the 3d and 4th of July, and his presence and conversation made all the folks happy. On the morning of the 4th he delivered a service in the chapel, and served Communion to all who were present. He left for Hudson, N. Y., on the following morning after breakfast. On the same day, our waitress, Carrie Olivet, a very young girl, who said she was going to do a little shopping, and would be back in the afternoon, but as she never did come back again, we folks think she is still shopping.

Rev. George H. Hefflin, a preacher, who lives in Hartford, and who is like Mr. Merrill, a gentleman of considerable mental ability, made this Home a visit on the 5th of August, and the following morning, Sunday, preached in the chapel an interesting and impressive discourse and then served communion. During the rest of the day he spent the time reading and chatting with the member of the family, and the following morning left for Buffalo, N. Y., to see his sister. It is his custom to make this place a yearly visit, and the folks are always pleased to see him.

About one o'clock on the afternoon of the 26th of July, a new beautiful sedan car shot up in front of the porch. Its occupants were the editor of this enterprising and useful paper, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, his grandson, Edwin Hodgson Tucker, and Mr. Tucker, Edwin's father, and Mr. C. C. McMann.

They all left the car and chatted with such folks as happened out on the porch.

Eddie, whom I have known ever since he was a baby, and was fifteen on the sixth of last April, greeted me warmly, and said on his fingers as plain as words could say, "Come and see our new auto." I accordingly accompanied the youth to where his father's new car was standing and examined it inside and out, and though it was a thing of beauty.

Mr. Hodgson introduced me to his son-in-law, the gentleman who married his eldest daughter, Beatrice, some sixteen or seventeen years ago, and whom I had never before come in contact with.

I asked Mr. Tucker why Beatrice had not come along with the party.

Said he, "she thinks I am a green driver, and did not want to come."

Mr. Tucker is learning to drive his car, and does fairly well.

After dinner Eddie and his father invited me to take a few miles ride in their elegant car, and I got in. Mr. I. N. Soper got in too, and away we went up as far as what is called "The Four Corners," four miles north of here, and where one of the tires of the car received a puncture or blow out.

While Mr. Tucker was replacing the defective tire, a gentleman in another car halted and spoke to Mr. Soper. He was Mr. Woodworth, the brother of Miss Woodworth, who is one of the residents of the Home, and who was on his way to see his sister. He invited Mr. Soper to ride with him, and Mr. Soper did so.

Editor Hodgson and Mr. C. C. McMann were waiting at the old farm house for the return of the car, and wondering why Mr. Tucker was out so long. When Mr. Woodworth's car halted at the farm house Mr. Soper told Mr. Hodgson what had happened.

A little while later Mr. Tucker's car, with Eddie and myself showed up at the farm house, and soon after the party left for home.

Just as Mr. Tucker's car, with Eddie and myself and Mr. Soper aboard, was nearing the entrance grounds, on its way out, we met another car, which halted. The driver of the car was Dr. Nies, the well known deaf dentist. His wife and three tiny children were in the car he was driving, and they had come all the way up here just for a long joy ride, and to see the Home and its residents. They got here at 2 o'clock P.M.

Although, as I have already said, Editor Hodgson's grandson is only 15 years old, he is an inch or so

taller than I am. I am five feet and eight inches in height. Surely, Eddie is going to be a human sky-scraper. He is going to be either a dentist or a surgeon.

Mr. George R. Sharp, a blind deaf man, 49 years old, who was admitted to this Home last October, left here on the 13th of July. Mr. Soper went with him to St. Ann's Church. We think he is now in Columbus, Ohio.

Mrs. Ramsey, who had been Miss Johnston's assistant for a few months, left here July 13th, and on that same day the Matron's niece, Miss Kate Martin, who was a nurse in Troy, N. Y., arrived here and is in Mrs. Ramsey's place. Her inseparable friend and companion, Miss Lulu Allen came along with her.

Miss Elizabeth P. Nelson, a Lady Manager and friend of the Home, was here early in July for a couple of weeks.

On the afternoon of the second of July, the members of the household were entertained to a number of tricks by a magician, whom some lady was kind enough to send here. Mrs. Foster, her mother-in-law, Mrs. Warren Foster, Miss Young and several other persons were present. Right after the show cake and ice cream were served. The entertainment did not last long as the day was intensely warm.

The sister of Principal I. B. Gardner, Miss Julia Gardner, was down at the farm house for a week or so early in August. She had been up in Vermont for a couple of weeks visiting Mrs. Chamberlain, the widow of the late Rev. John Chamberlain, and other friends.

The 12th of August was the twenty-first birthday of Miss Eleanor Gardner, Samuel Gardner's eldest daughter, who teaches school over in Wappinger Falls. Her aunt Julia, her sister Marcella and one or two others went to a picnic with her up at Dawling, East of Poughkeepsie. While there they strained their eyes to catch a glimpse of the tops of the distant Berkshire hills, but it was all in vain on account of the misty weather.

A good many persons came here during the summer months to see this matron and the other hearing folks.

Mrs. Leany, who was a waitress here for a few years, many years ago, was here one Sunday in July. She has several grown up children and likes to come here once in a long while. She brought a big bag of candies and distributed them among the members of the family.

Mr. Harry A. Barnes, who was bestman at Mr. Funk's wedding, stopped here for a few hours on the 9th of April, on his way back home, to see this correspondent.

Mrs. Louise Rascoli left here on the 7th of July, to visit friends down in Brooklyn, N. Y., and returned to the Home on the 14th of July. She told the folks she had a most enjoyable time, and hoped to go away again some day.

All the folks up this way have suffered more or less from the excessive heat during the summer. Quite often the mercury in the tube was up to 90 degrees, and whenever it was up at that point everybody wondered how they could make themselves cool. Some said it only made them hotter to fan themselves. August 15, 1923. STANLEY.

Girl Deaf for 30 Years, Hears Voice Over High Power Radio.

LAWRENCE, KAN., August 17—Winifred Dedrick, thirty-four years old, heard the sound of a human voice for the first time since she became deaf when 4 years old this afternoon, in listening to baseball scores over a high power radio set. Miss Dedrick was also able to plainly distinguish sounds in the musical concert from the Kansas City Star in the afternoon.

Altho stricken deaf and dumb with spinal meningitis when a child Miss Dedrick has acquired an education. She is a graduate of the State School for the Deaf at Olathe and will be a senior in the Fine Arts School of the University of Kansas this fall.

Altho many tests have been conducted to see if she could hear, this afternoon was the first time that she could plainly hear the human voice.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1923.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1000 Street and Ft. Washington Avenue, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Prof. Guido Blenio, chemist physicist and inventor, who for many years has devoted most of his attention to the development of fire retarding paint and other fireproofing processes, announced yesterday that he has invented a radio active light in liquid form which can be poured into a bulb that may be used for many years. He described his invention as "a most remarkable and revolutionary discovery, which, I believe, will eventually make coal and fuel oils or any other power a thing of the past."

This new light, which is cold, can be produced in different colors, placed in small glass tubes and the tops hermetically sealed, and used in whatever circumstances light is needed. It can be darkened only by a metallic cover over the lamp. The light, according to Prof. Blenio, "is far superior and more effective than electric light and will last from ten to fifteen years without any attendance."

In an affidavit which he submitted lately Prof. Blenio said that after years of costly experiments he found that radio active elements in proper combination will form what he describes as "a never before known power." He said that in 1909 he produced a similar liquid light which gave a bright light for more than seven years, when the container accidentally was broken.

"Years after," he said, "I came to the conclusion that a much better commercial light could be accomplished with the same radio active elements in a dry battery form. The same combination of elements will produce power, though at the present time it is impossible to calculate the actual results. So far results indicate that such a combination of elements increases the light and efficiency, including also the lasting power, from 5,000 to 20,000 times over the present systems of lighting."

"I also believe I am able to produce, with proper equipment and facilities, an enormously useful commercial power which will make electric power, coal and fuel oils, absolutely useless, and for many other purposes atmospheric electricity may be used in connection with radio active elements for any distance."

For example, Prof. Blenio said that a dry battery of the type used in automobiles, which weighs about fifty pounds, will be made obsolete by the radio active battery, which will weigh about one pound. He said he believed he can perfect such a battery within the next six months. Prof. Blenio contends that he is the first man to discover the use of radio active elements to produce light and power.

"My claims perhaps sound a trifle startling," said Prof. Blenio, "since they involve the ultimate abolition of all the present forms of lighting and power, but the time is coming when radio active elements and not coal, electricity and fuel oil, will supply the power that drives the world's industries."

"The United States Government Bureau of Mines at Washington is assisting my invention in every direction."

THE DALEY-MURPHY NUPTIALS

TWO SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT, TWO HEARTS THAT BEAT AS ONE.

On Wednesday, August 22, 1923, at 5:30 P. M., in Grace and St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Baltimore, Md., the engagement, as previously announced, of winsome Miss Alma Myrtle Daley, Gallaudet, ex-'24, of Baltimore, and handsome and genial Kenneth Murphy, of Trenton, N. J., culminated in a marriage ceremony that brought over two hundred relatives and deaf-mute friends together. The Rev. Oliver J. Whildin officiated. He was assisted by the Rev. John F. Kirk, who read the service orally for the benefit of the hearing portion of the large congregation present.

The doors to the Church were thrown open at 5 o'clock, and during the half hour interval of waiting for the arrival of the bride, Mr. John Dennes, organist and choirmaster of the Church and supervisor of music in the Baltimore Public Schools, rendered several selections. The advent of the bridal party was signalized by the sudden change from soft tones to the louder tunes of Mendelssohn's wedding march. Slowly down the long aisle of the Church in measured step came the bride, arrayed in a lovely travelling dress of exquisite brown and carrying a large bouquet of American beauty roses and lilies of the valley. Lightly upon the arm of her brother-in-law, Mr. Kenneth Munroe, who gave her away, she leaned, a vision of entrancing timidity, charm and loveliness. Four ushers, Mr. Ray Kauffman and Mr. William Lewis McLaughlin, deaf friends, and Mr. Roger Ricker and James Holtman, a hearing brother-in-law and friend, respectively, led the march. They were followed by the bride's maid, Miss Esther Dales, a younger sister of the bride. At the entrance to the Church they were met by the groom, escorted by Mr. Richard Carter, who acted as bestman.

The beautiful ring service of the Episcopal Church was read to the accompaniment of a low and reverent musical murmur of organ tones. At the end of the service and after the blessing of the newly wedded pair had been given, the slow return march, in reverse order, led by Mrs. Murphy, wreathed in smiles, was undertaken. It was a march of triumph, the triumph of love! The Brave Knight had entered the lists for the hand of the Fair Lady, had fought fairly and openly and had won, and she, at last hope fulfilled, eagerly, gladly leaped to the saddle, and amid a shower of congratulations, best wishes and several pounds of good old fashioned rice and confetti, rode away with him to his castle in Spain. All the world loves a lover, and it loves a pair of lovers twice as much!

Mrs. Murphy (Alma Myrtle Daley) was born in Baltimore. She attended the Knapp Oral School of Baltimore, and graduated from the Maryland School for the Deaf, Frederick, Md. She also took two years at Gallaudet College. If there is any one thing above all others that she prizes, in connection with her brief college course, it is her membership in the O. W. L. S. Shortly after leaving Gallaudet she accepted a position as a teacher in the Maryland School for the Colored Deaf. At this school she met Mr. Murphy, a native of Salt Lake City, Utah, who was the Supervisor of the Boys and Instructor in Carpentry. She found in him a kind, considerate, sympathetic, genial and fun-loving friend. His honest, laughing, freckled face; his shock of fiery red hair; his Irish wit and the deep rich brogue of his sign delivery attracted her and held her spell-bound, held her in a grip that neither he could loosen nor she pry loose. Should any of you, dear readers, discover two young people, one of whom even may be your best girl or your knight errant, falling desperately in love with each other at first sight do not run for a crowbar or call upon your friends or fellow lodge members to help you pull them apart. Do not go around with a long face or in sackcloth and ashes, bemoaning your fate. It is no use! The manliest and most sportsmanlike thing to do is to say to them, "Bless you, oh my children," and thereupon go your way in peace and inquest of other fish. The sea is full of them, different specimens of them, enough specimens of them to meet every shade of your fancy and your taste.

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, after a short honeymoon, which includes a sail out the Chesapeake Bay on to the Atlantic Ocean and a long trip by rail through several Southern and Southwestern States, will make their home in Trenton, N. J. At the School for the Deaf in Trenton, Mr. Murphy has a position as Instructor in Carpentry and Mechanical Drawing.

About a month ago, shortly after the announcement of the engagement of Miss Daley to Mr. Murphy was made, the young people were tendered many congratulations. In July a shower party was given by the women of Grace and St. Peter's Mission and the members of the Women's Guild, and on August 21st, the Misses Elizabeth, (Gallaudet, '21), and Helen (Gallaudet, '23) Moss, tendered them a wonderful farewell party at their beautiful home in Govans, Baltimore, Md.

The following were the invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. Ray Kauffman, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Leitner, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Bowen, Rev. and Mrs. O. J. Whildin, Mrs. Isaac Moss, Mrs. S. M. Daley; the Misses Olive and Mabel Whildin, Helen, Elizabeth and Marjorie Moss, Elaine Dean, Helen Leitner, Mr. Rozelle McCall and Wm. Lewis McLaughlin. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have been made the recipients of many costly, beautiful and useful presents in silver, lace, bric-a-bras, etc.

Is Hearing Absolutely Necessary to Drive an Automobile?

The following editorial appeared in the New York Evening Journal, Thursday, August 23d, 1923, and reproduced it here, together with Mr. Forster's earnest protest attached to the Editorial, which is a strong argument in behalf of the deaf as drivers of Automobiles:—

Regulations in various States forbidding issuing an automobile driver's license to anybody that is deaf, or whose hearing is seriously defective. Against such laws many earnest and eloquent protests are received. You will find one published below.

It may be said offhand, that if a man is deaf and cannot hear the warning horn behind him, he should not be allowed to drive an automobile, since his driving might endanger others.

But there are several buts. In the first place, the important thing in driving is sight. When a man is driving it is the business of the man behind him to look after his own car, not the business of the man ahead.

It is true that one automobile behind another has the right to expect that one ahead will turn out and make way if it is going very slow. That is the main point involved. As to danger to pedestrians and to other cars, it is not so clear.

The horn is used less and less by good drivers, except to warn those ahead to turn out, and a man deaf, with good eyesight, can see what is ahead and use his horn for warning.

Automobiles are run, at least ninety-nine per cent, by sight, not by hearing.

It is a matter to be decided carefully. No man afflicted with deafness would protest against a discrimination depriving him of a natural pleasure if it could be shown to be dangerous to others.

We present a letter on the object to-day that will interest all the deaf.

The writer makes it clear that many of the dangerous drivers, those that drive the big noisy trucks, hear nothing but the noise of their own engines, no matter how good their hearing. Read the letter and reach your own conclusion.

AN EARNEST PROTEST.

"Some time ago, during the Presidential campaign, I was much agitated by the movement that was on foot threatening the happiness of about 8,000 of us, the deaf from birth and the deafened. This was a movement to prohibit the freedom of the highways to the deaf driving automobiles. It has gained considerable headway, and is even now the law in a number of States."

"No one better than yourself realizes the importance of the automobile in everyday life. It is no less important in the lives of the 8,000 of us living from coast to coast. In fact, it is more important. With the pleasures of the ear shut off, a pleasure of such magnitude as automobilism is doubly dear."

"Now this agitation to prohibit our driving is not the result of accidents or damage caused by the deaf. Their record is clean, but from the large number of accidents caused by the public at large, they have very unreasonably sought a remedy in a totally innocent locality. It may not be too far fetched to say that it is like prohibiting the general use of matches because they are a prolific cause of fire."

"Were there any basis for viewing our driving with alarm we should not complain, but the deaf societies have all data to prove us capable. We are but a small band of Christians among the Romans."

"The head of the traffic bureau in my own city, Washington, D. C., freely admits that the drivers of most trucks are deaf to all noises outside of their trucks and insist upon mirrors. We deaf all use mirrors—as well as a very acute and highly developed sixth sense (because of our affliction) which the driver of a noisy truck has not."

"I believe that the highest type of rose is produced by the suppression of nearly all the buds upon one bush. Why is it not clear that of our five senses, where one is curtailed the rest are more highly developed? The very deafest of us are sensitive to every sort of air-vibrating sound; 'tis only the human voice we fail to get. And as for seeing, it is said we have eyes in the back of our heads."

"Very truly yours,"

"BERT FORSE."

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lewis announce the marriage of their daughter, Gertrude to Maurice Werner, of Minnesota, Thursday, August thirtieth, 1923. After September 12th, they will be at the School for the Deaf, Salem, Oregon.

CHICAGO.

Shout, ye splendid Sons of Silence,
Raise a triumph song;
Faster than come fleet pestilence
Rolletth Rolf along.
Long we deaf have watched and waited
In our patient way;
Meanwhile thoughtless mockers baited
Us from day to day.
Praise for Rolf the Runner ringeth—
Hats are skywards hurled,
"Just a young deaf-mute," they singeth
"Fastest in the world!!!!!"

The sensation of the day in silent circle here is Rolf Harmsen—"The Deaf Dane from Dakota," who amazed athletic experts while attending Gallaudet College last year by running 100 yards in 9½ every start.

Harmsen, who is now competing for the Illinois A. C. under whose auspices the games are run—had only one flaw. He was a poor starter. He would make-up as much as four yards lost at the start due to faulty take-off. This fault has been remedied by Coach Johnny Behr of the I. A. C. (the man who coaches Joie Ray and other world-beaters) and I see Harmsen now leaves his mark as fast as any of the host of star sprinters training on Staggs field.

Harmsen has been doing 9½ in daily practice, and Behr is so impressed by his work that he has ordered him to keep out of the broad jumps and low hurdles—in which he was sure to win medals—in order to avoid all danger of a turned ankle.

Harmsen's 180 pounds make those events somewhat perilous. Behr will start Rolf in the 100 and 220 yard dashes in the junior championships Friday, and the same two events in the senior championships Saturday. Instead of allowing him to compete in the Decathlon—or all-around contest of ten events—Monday, Behr is insisting on Harmsen's competing in two relay races only.

Harmsen's two Labor Day events are the 440 and 880 yard relays; four men on a team, each to run 110 and 220 yards respectively. The New York A. C., the Meadowbrook Club of Philadelphia, and Iowa University are not only other aggregations in America with enough speed-merchants to contest the powerful I. A. C. quarters.

Among the foes Rolf the 19-year-old deaf lad must face are McAllister, of New York, Murchison, of Newark, and LeConey, of Meadowbrook.

The three greatest kid sprinters in America meet in the 100, and a new world beater to supplant Pad-dock will likely be uncovered. Besides Harmsen there are Albert Washington, National schoolboy champion 1922—who won the Central A. A. U. title this month; and Eugene Goodwillie, the present National schoolboy champion, who did the century in 9 7/10 last spring. Goodwillie competes for the Chicago A. A., and the negro, Washington, for the University of Chicago.

Emil Schlenker, a North Dakotan, who spent two years at Gallaudet, ex '20, spent seven weeks at the local Mergenthaler linotype school, and has arranged to plunk keys on a Michigan semi-weekly—the Iron River-Slamboagh Reporter. He and Rolf Harmsen are full of civic pride in their grand State of North Dakota, but somehow little old Chicago seems to agree with the two plainsmen.

Ye Gods! Since writing this, another "old chum" of our "Deaf Dane from Dakota" dropped in to pay homage at the shrine of Success Wendell Haley, a college classmate of Schlenker, spent two days in Chicago on his vacation trip, noticed the write up of the great Gallaudet runner, and hunted up Harmsen. Haley—like Harmsen—works in a bank; is a clerk in the First National of Devil's Lake, North Dakota. Harmsen—his father owns a controlling interest in seven small country banks—worked with his dad during the summer in the First State Bank of Hazen, North Dakota—his home town.

Those North Dakotans seem to be thicker than fleas. But they stick together beautifully, and all appear fine, stalwart, upstanding ambitious young men.

Have you ever been out to The Dunes?

This vast tract of sand stretches along the southern end of Lake Michigan for some fifty miles, reaching as far as two miles back. Nature lovers, and geologists, and flora-and-funa fanatics will all assure you the one sight in America you must not miss is this Indiana State Dune Park—an hour from Chicago by train. Here are found more varied forms of plant life than in any spot in the world; here are all the wonders of the geological age; here are—out consult Morton Henry. He will tell you all about it, and about the scientists who come from all corners of the world, just to study this wonder-spot. He will—if you have patience to listen.

Back in 1914 Morton Henry himself started this craze among the educated deaf, of going to week-end on his desolate stretch of dune sand. His zeal spread until the deaf dune devotees numbered 19. And in all these years their ardor has not abated—much.

There is a certain majesty about it all, to be sure; a certain something that grips the breath. But the disadvantages are numerous. To reach the lake is a mile walk

from the train—the longest mile you ever traversed. Sand and sagebrush, mosquitoes and poison ivy, gnats, ants, fleas and sand flies. But especially sand flies. Saints preserve us!

The Washington Barrows spent their annual two weeks out on that transplanted Desert of Sahara, so the entire Chicago JOURNAL went out on a "tour of investigation" for a few days; sponging off the generous Barrows (yes, newspaper guys are all cheap-skates.) The entire force, consisting of myself, who bosses the job; the wife, who does all the work; the office-boy "Red," who empties the waste-basket (sometimes); and Mrs. O'Neil, the private secretary—she comes in handy when I want some innocent party to blame when I can't find a paper or article. So she takes the name of "private secretary."

(This idea is not copyright. All brother pen-pushers are welcome to adopt it. When you want some meek, mild, ever-smiling soul to stand your bursts of bad temper, just bestow the title of "private secretary" on him or her, and then "bawl him out" to your heart's content. You feel ever so much better after blaming some one for your own shortcomings.)

Of course Morton Henry went along—he and his five-year-old son. That little Briton climbed sand hills and suffered sand flies with greater fortitude than the entire Chicago editorial staff of this paper.

Ever try to climb a sand dune—or hill? No! Well, one of the bitter trails of life is yet afore you. Ordinary hills are hard enough to climb, but sand hills are just hills (only substitute the letter E for the I.) For every three labored steps up you take, you slide back two steps in the hot and heavy sand. When we finally reached the lake shore after walking from Beersheba to Dan (the man who said it was only a mile walk is the world's champion liar) when we finally reached the lake we were too tired to do anything but fall in and soak.

We played at "Shrieks of Araby," living in pup tents. After the first rainfall I understood at last why they were called "pup" tents. I had a pup once, and I used to whip him for that.

The grub was good, and the swimming was the best on the lake, and the company was congenial. What more could man want? Yes; fresh milk, and ice cream cones; electric lights at night; an upholstered chair, and the daily papers. Especially the daily papers. I made a bet as soon as I got in: "Bet you can't name the King of England, the President of Mexico, and the President of the U. S.," I offered. They snapped it up. "King George, Pres. Obregon, and Pres. Harding," they named, proudly. "You lose, Harding died three days ago." Rip Van Winkle cheered King George instead of Washington when he awoke; out on the Dunes you live a Rip-rip existence.

The Dunes are great—for those that love to commune with the vast voice of Nature. For those whose lorn souls are attuned to a Higher Plane. For those "throwbacks" to our adventurous pioneer ancestors who settled this mighty country. But never no more for the JOURNAL force.

No; never no more.

Jean, little daughter of the George Schrivers, broke her collar bone lately.

A. Kerr, an Englishman who came to Canada several years back, is in town planning to remain a year before proceeding to his ultimate destination in California.

Thomas Cranvill, for some 20 years a baker at the State School in Jacksonville, but now working in Dearborn, Mich., dropped into town en route to visit in Jacksonville.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is located over a movie house—formerly Barbee's—now renamed the Monroe, which reopens with "The Silent Command." The silents in the club above were not commanded to come in and view it as guests of the management.

The little son of the Tom Grays sprained his hand.

The Rev. Henry Rutherford spent his vacation in Chicago, for a change, taking daily walks and rides to places of interest in and around the city. It is a fact that the average Chicagoan and New Yorker knows less about the sights of their own city than the country cousin, who only stays a few days. Why the whenceness thereof?

The son of Anton Schroeder, the great St. Paul inventor, was seen on St. gg Field lately. He is working at the Western Electric plant here.

Dates ahead: September 8—Cad, picnic at Polonia Grove, 4600 Archer Ave. (Chicago Branch N. A. D.) 16—Frat division picnic at Natoma Grove.

THE MRAGHERS.

Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the large term of education. The feeling are to be disciplined, the passions are to be restrained; true and worthy motives are so be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled, and a pure morality to be inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education.—Pick-up.

Detroit Doings.

The Detroit Branch, M. A. D., will resume its regular business meeting at the G. A. R. Hall, Saturday night, September 29th. There will also be some kind of social entertainment under the management of Mrs. C. McSparrin. Everybody is requested to come and pull together for the success of the M. A. D.

Mr. Claude V. Ozier returned home after two weeks' sojourn in Ohio, with Mr. Aloisius Japes in his Essex. They took in Cleveland, Akron, Cedar Point, Toledo and other points. They reported a fine trip all the way around. We missed our guess about Mr. Ozier's secret trip.

The D. A. D. had a Ballon party last Saturday night. Mr. Seppanen and Mrs. Flo McCardlee managed the successful event. A good sized crowd came and enjoyed the evening. Several appropriate prizes went to fortunate winners.

The D. A. D. will resume its regular business meeting, Friday night, September 14th, after the summer let-up.

The Detroit Division, No. 2, N. F. S. D., wishes to correct the error, as it appeared in the JOURNAL advertisement. The Ball as scheduled for December 10th will be held November 10th instead. Mrs. Simon A. Goth will take charge of the event with the assistances of a committee of which personnel, we have not learned yet, but will be announced in late issue. The Ball will be held at the G. A. D. Hall. Prizes will be worth striving for. Don't forget the date, November 10th.

About a hundred or more persons from Detroit and Royal Oak assembled at the Sylvian Lake Park last Sunday, and sprang a surprise on Mr. and Mrs. Riberty, of Pontiac. The majority of them came in their cars and the rest by interurban. They brought along their lunch baskets. They partook of their lunches in convenient places. The men and boys eager for play, scurried to the diamond, where they cavorted to their heart's content. The teams comprising the Wayne and Oakland Counties played an exciting game at indoor ball, although it was played in the open. The Wayne Country contingent triumphed by a score of 12 to 3. The ladies with a handful of men, who did not care to play ball, gathered together and threw confetti at Mrs. Riberty, and then presented her a sum of money, which amounted to about twenty-three dollars and some odd cents, with which she could buy a dinnerware set as our present to her.

Among the crowd came Mr. and Mrs. C. Gottlieb and their son in their new Buick Sedan, while the majority came in their flivvers. They were Mr. and Mrs. Waters and family and the elder Mrs. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. C. Sadofsky, Mr. and Mrs. R. Beaver and children, Mr. and Mrs. E. Luchow and son with Mr. and Mrs. F. Herring and boy, Mr. and Mrs. G. Isckson and children with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Berry and son, Richard, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Friday and children, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Friday and their girl, Roy Friday came in with Mr. Ivor Friday in his Ford. Mr. and Mrs. F. Affeldt and children, Mrs. Wells and the writer with M. Osmonson in his fly, Miss Lella Bailey, Mr. J. Paston, Mr. P. Bednarek with Mr. Weisner in his Star. The rest, who came by interurban, were Mr. Seiss, of Pontiac, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hugel and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ulrich, Messrs. D. Taylor and Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. I. Heynman and their pet, Fox terrier, Mr. and Mrs. Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Engelbrecht, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. M. Crittenden. Some of the party donned their bathing suits and took to the water for a while. All reported an enjoyable time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott, of Half way, bought a Buick sometime ago. They went to Rochester, N. Y., to attend the reunion. They didn't say whether they drove the car there or took some other mode of travel.

Ben. J. Beaver was laid up for a week recently from a good-natured punch in his ribs by one of his fellow workers at the Ford Plant.

The Detroit motorists are beginning to patronize the new resort out on the Monroe Road, known as Estral Beach.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins, of Henderson, Ky., has been working at the Fisher Body Plant, No. 7, for the past year.

Mr. L. Fritz and Mr. W. Frahm went to Crowell in Fritz's Ford, to visit the McKenzies some time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. McCardlee are residing at 476 Prentiss Avenue. Mr. McCardlee hailed from Philadelphia, and his life partner came from Oklahoma.

Mr. Clyde Beach has been employed at the Fisher Body Plant, No. 14, for several months. He expects to have his family move from Flint soon, and be domiciled in our fair Detroit.

Mr. Walter Bednarek has been employed in the Detroit Lumber Company's yards for the past year. He hails from Bay City.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leach and Mrs. Eunice Starb were visitors at Mr. Clemens with Mr. and Mrs. Dan Whitehead recently. They reported that the Whiteheads were getting lonesome for Detroit, so we would not be surprised if they moved back before long.

Mr. C. Sadofsky has been at the baking business for the past twenty-four years. He decided to take some rest, so he hied to the Woodland Beach, where he helped with the building of a cottage.

Mr. Ralph A. Knight, of Bessemen, Mich., (Upper Peninsula), is now employed at the Ford Highland Park Plant as an oil sander.

Mr. J. Cranvill, who worked at the Ford River Rouge Plant during this summer, departed from his home in Jacksonville, Illinois, where he will prepare his belongings before going to Olathe, Kan., where he will take charge of the Baking Department. We all regretted to hear of his forced retirement at the Illinois School, but we hope he will like his new position.

Mr. Ivor Friday departed for Chicago in his Ford, Thursday, and will be away until about September 8th. His wife and family, who have been visiting with his wife's folks in Abingdon, will join him in Chicago, and they will remain there, visiting with the Fridays until then.

We expect to get Professor Jos. Stewart, of Flint, to come to Detroit some time this coming Fall, to tell us all about the Atlanta Convention.

W. I. W.

Eastern Iowa.

A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ricketts, of Rock Island, Ill., July 25th last. Mother and baby are getting along nicely.

Mr. Nathan McGrew, of Gilman, Ia., was in the Tri-Cities a few weeks ago, visiting with his relatives and old friends. He staid over one night with O. T. Osterberg and left early next morning for Unionville, Mo., to visit with his deaf cousin before going home to look after his financial business at Gilman, Ia.

Some weeks ago, C. W. Osterberg, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., made a "Tot-trip" to Riceville, Ia., to see Mr. Matt. McCook on some business.

August 12th last Mr. Bertil E. Jennisch and family and Mr. O. Shaffer, of Rock Island, Ill., motored to Dubuque, Ia., in the latter's car, to attend the N. F. S. D. Picnic. All reported a swell time.

Mrs. Fred Mather and children, of Jacksonville, Ill., visited with her folks at Marengo, Ia., the past two months. She stopped in Rock Island, Ill., on way home, and visited with her old acquaintances. She is getting things ready for her son to go to school. She enjoyed a nice visit at both places.

Saturday night, August 25th, a penny party by the N. F. S. D., was held at Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sharrar's house, Davenport, Ia. The party is to raise funds to send delegates to the Convention at St. Paul, Minn., next year.

Mr. Owen Calkins, of Joliet, Ill., has been working in Rock Island, Ill., for over a month, and has made up his mind to stay in Rock Island, Ill. He sent for his wife, who joined him August 23d.

Mr. Chas. E. Loughran, of Davenport, Ia., bought a Dodge touring car recently, and is proud of it. O. T. O.

Deaf and Dumb Couple Have Quiet Wedding

CATLETTSBURG, Ky., Aug. 21.—Clarence G. Henderson, twenty-five years old, a baker, of Griffithsville, W. Va., can be assured he will always find silence when he comes home at night, and that his wife will never nag him by word of mouth.

Miss Ava Peck, also of Griffithsville now Mrs. Henderson, is also safe in assuming her husband will never shout or start an oral quarrel. Both are deaf and dumb. They were married here late yesterday, it became known to-day. In making out the marriage license the clerk pointed to each question on the form and Henderson and the girl wrote the answer. In the same manner the minister performing the ceremony allowed each participant in turn to read the service from his manual, they pledging, even to "obey," by writing. After it was over Henderson wrote: "I will be good to my wife." She smiled.—New York Tribune.

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, 3100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 1:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 9:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Gold and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

BROOKLYN FRATS.

With the picnic and games out of the way, the next annual social event of Brooklyn Div. No. 23, will be the Fifteenth Anniversary Masquerade and Ball, to be held on Saturday evening, February 23, 1924.

The significance of the event alone will enthrall the committee to endeavor to make it an event not to be soon forgotten, not only in attendance and receipts, but also for the enjoyment of all that attend.

The attention of other divisions, societies, clubs, organizations, etc., is respectfully called to the advertisement on the back page which clearly records the date.

For the present the committee consists of T. J. Cosgrove, chair man, assisted by A. L. Pach, H. P. Kane, J. F. O'Brien, John Bohman, A. Hitchcock, and J. Seltzer. Others will be added to this list and their names announced in due time.

BROOKLYN GUILD.

The Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes celebrated its 31st anniversary on June 9th, at St. Mark's Guild House, 320 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and as in years past made it a double celebration by including the birthday anniversary of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet. A large gathering was present, among whom was Miss Virginia B. Gallaudet, who never before had attended any of the Guild's functions. Her presence was greatly appreciated by the members and guest of the evening. Miss Gallaudet spoke on the life and works of her father, of the great interest he always took in the welfare of the deaf. It made no difference to her father what nationality or religion they belonged, if they were deaf, they were his friends. Dr. Gallaudet said constantly spent much time over pre-laying problems concerning the welfare of the deaf. At the conclusion Miss Gallaudet was heartily applauded.

Among the others who spoke concerning the good accomplished by the good Doctor may be mentioned Mr. C. Q. Mann, who also offered prayer, and Messrs. W. J. Wilkinson, Alex. Goldfogle, G. W. Gilbert, A. J. McLaren and others. Miss Lange signed a hymn in clear and graceful signs.

Ice cream and cake were served to all present.

The meeting was considered one of the best held for several years. There was no meetings held during the summer, but on the 4th of October the first of the Fall meeting will be held, in St. Mark's Chapel, and it is hoped with an increased attendance over the previous year.

Through a regretted inadvertence the names of Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Gillen were omitted from the list of Pullman tourists New York to Atlanta in last week's JOURNAL. The omission is the more regretted as they contributed a large share of the interferences that made the trip so delightful. It was arranged so that the party should spend two nights and a day in the Pullman south bound, and two days and a night north bound in order that either going or coming, the whole country would be enjoyed by daylight, and the tourists did enjoy the scenic sights from New York, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Besides seeing the Capital and Capitol of the Nation, they were in the capitals of Virginia, New Jersey, Delaware, the Carolinas and Georgia. In dining car service they had the best, and were served ahead of the casual passengers. On their return trip the Seaboard Railway officials had located a porter proficient in signs and spelling who looked after their wants splendidly. The returning party lost by Mrs. Gillen's desire to stop off at Raleigh, N. C., for a visit, and the noon train from Atlanta reached Raleigh in the drab hour of night, so they were obliged to take a train that would reach Raleigh at a more seasonable hour. The Misses Sherman and Moss and Mr. Schatzkin accompanied them. Mr. Buell, of Chicago, and two other accessions made the party of almost the same size as when it started. Long stops at Washington both ways were enjoyed hobnobbing with Messrs. Souder, Stewart, Zimmormann and other lights of the famous city.

Unable to hear the warning horn of a taxicab or the terrified shouts of witnesses, Negi Mazar thirty-five years old, of No. 422 Fifth Street, a deaf-mute, was struck by the left rear wheel of an automobile operated by Anthony Regiani, of No. 1246 Forty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, at Ninth Street and Second Avenue.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 923 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 25, 1923—The Columbus contingent to the Convention of the Deaf arrived in Cincinnati Sunday morning, and were met by Messrs. W. E. Hoy, Louis J. Bacheberle and Prof. Drake, of Gallaudet College, the latter having arrived in Cincinnati the evening previous from Atlanta. Mr. Hoy invited the party to his home, where they had dinner. Prof. Drake had to leave soon after for Piqua. The Hoyes and the Columbus people then called at the home of Dr. Olney. Here they found as guests of the family, the two Mather brothers, of Richmond, Indiana, and Miss Emily Audern, of Mont Clair, New Jersey, the latter being with them for a month's visit. The afternoon was pleasantly spent under the trees of the spacious lawn, surrounding the house, for the doctor has a beautiful home way out from the smoke and din of the city.

Mr. Bacheberle accompanied the Columbus party to the station, and on the way down a reminder of the place, where the first National Convention of the Deaf was held, was seen—the incline plane to the hill top, which members had to ascend and descend to reach the meeting place. The plane is still in use, but the growth of the city and extension of street car lines renders the place more easy of access, and has lost its attractiveness as a resort, in fact, it is now covered with residences. As we gazed upon the plane, it brought back pleasant reminders, and faces of some of the members, who were there.

The venerable, big Booth, of Iowa, in his linen duster and his forcible address at one of the meetings, Editor Hodgson, young, suave and smiling, Dr. Fox, Harry C. White, W. H. Johnson, of Alabama; Revs. A. W. Mann and Job Turner, Samuel Freeman, R. H. Atwood, P. P. Pratt, Miss Mollie Mann, now Miss Harry White, Halle Holland, now Mrs. Nelson I. Snyder, of Dayton, O., who at that time was one of Ohio's beauties, Alfred Wood, Lars M. Larson, James M. Park, Dr. Patterson and the writer, the proceedings of the meetings for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and last, but not least MacGregor, who was everywhere, for he was boss of the convention, and had his hands full looking after the comfort of the members. It was a glorious meeting and the pleasures of the occasion will linger in the memory of those attending it as long as life lasts.

Mr. MacGregor returned from his Pittsburgh trip in company of Mr. Vincent Dunn, of Crafton, Pa., by auto on the 14th inst., bearing with him a huge trophy in the shape of a silver loving cup, presented him at the meeting of Knights and Ladies of De l'Espee at their convention, held in Pittsburgh, August 5th-11th. Inside it is lined with gold, has three hands, and its total height, including base, 22 inches. The pedestal is 5 3/4 inches high and its diameter at the bottom, 11 3/4 inches. It is of wood in black color. Height of cup, 16 3/4 inches, diameter at base, 8 3/4 inches, at top, 5 3/4 inches.

The engraving on cup is N. A. D. in the letters of the deaf Alphabet and inscribed below this: "Presented to R. P. MacGregor in recognition of his many services to the deaf of the whole world by the Pittsburgh Branch National Association Deaf 1880-1923."

The pedestal has a silver plate upon it with this inscription engraved on it "Convention Knights of De l'Espee August 5th-11th, 1923."

Mr. MacGregor told us that when the speaker who made the presentation speech lauded the work of the man he had in view, he, MacGregor, had had reference to Mr. Teegarden, who was sitting next to him at the time, and who was worthy of all the nice things said by the speaker, but when on concluding he named R. P. MacGregor, he was "just knocked silly" to use his own words, and he had just cause to feel so. It is a tribute to his labors for the deaf well deserved.

Mr. Dunn was the guest of Mr. MacGregor during his stay here, and on Tuesday of this week was taken up to the Home for Deaf. He was surprised at the fine institution the deaf of the State are supporting. He left for his home Wednesday.

Miss Cloa G. Lamson is down at Cumberland Falls, Ky., seeking health and rest.

Miss Dorothy Durrant returned this week from a week's visit with Pittsburgh friends, and reports having had a fine time.

The teachers of the school have been notified by Superintendent Jones, that their salaries have been increased to begin with the opening of school. The addition varies according to grades.

We came across this in one of the evening papers the other day. It refers to the deaf blind man mentioned in former letters to the JOURNAL:

The George Morton fund, which is being sought by the Leslie F.

Oren Educational Society, for the maintenance of George Morton, blind, deaf and destitute, who is now in St. Francis Hospital, awaiting a second operation on his eyes, is beginning to take on real proportions, reports Edwin R. Sharp, of the Huntington National Bank, treasurer of the organization, who is handling the money that is being contributed. The following is a list of the donors to date:

Leslie F. Oren	\$5.00
Edwin Holycross	2.00
R. H. Walker	1.00
Mary H. King	10.00
Mrs. J. A. Jeffrey	25.00
695 S. 22d Street	2.00
Binnie A. Humphrey	5.00
Total	\$50.00

A. B. G.

SOUTH CALIFORNIA.

Carl Skantz has bought a lot on the heights overlooking the Pacific near Balboa. The range of hills in the rear suggests the mountains, next come the flats visualizing the plains and then there is the sea. Swimming, bathing, fishing, sunning, airing, nattering, playing at work, idling, dreaming, reading—well, what else do you greedy solid beings want? He will build a little house for himself, and put up bungalows on the place to rent. Weekend will be spent thus, and if the crowd comes, the rents will permit Carl to stay on the place the twenty-four hours of lotus-eating.

I have been the man of all work on a suburban fourth of an acre. I have read of a Cleveland, Martin Rutenik, growing three or four crops a year and clearing \$3000 per acre, and a Nebraskan making as much off 20 acres of steep, rocky, semi-arid land, and this fourth of an acre seems to have everything growing in California. It has kept me busy weeding, pruning, clearing, cultivating, spading, irrigating. I wanted to buy 5 or 10 acres in California or homestead on a section of upland in New Mexico, and Carl Skantz gets riled and says I have not unlearned my Eastern notions. One acre irrigated in the Southwest equals 5 or 10 acres of Eastern land in the rainy belt, why waste one's labor and time spread over the horizon to produce or make as much as can be done under intensive culture in the space one can reach with a hoe?

Here's a new wrinkle in labor saving in cultivation. Straight rows spaced correctly, for the plants are covered with building paper, roofing paper preferred, because less liable to decay, with holes for the desired plants, the paper preventing weed growth and acting as a mulch to conserve subsoil moisture. This wrinkle is successful in pine-apple growth in Hawaii and for a variety of cultivated crops in Yakima.

Speculators are buying up land in California, and holding it for the inevitable rise in prices. Single tax is bound to come on account of the selfishness of such people. Single tax is heaviest on unimproved property and goes down with improvement of property.

Kelly has gone to San Diego to work as farm hand for \$4 per day. Dr. Karl Waugh, brother of Alfred C. Waugh, of Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, will be Dean of the University of Southern California after this summer.

Courtway has quit Burr Ceremery for a furniture factory. Hettler also has quit the same place, and may have gone to Portland.

Dr. Brooks in Los Angeles, Sunday *Times*, writes approvingly of a hot bath taken for two, three or more hours.

Fred Ward, ex-'95, Gallaudet, runs the F. E. Ward Printing Company at Fort Dodge, Ia. He is doing well. The girl is married and lives in a nearby town. The boy goes to Iowa University in the fall. Fred writes he owns a big Nash Six, and can go 45 miles per hour. As F. E. could go 30 feet in 10 seconds at Kendall Green, he certainly is improving for 45 miles mean 66 feet per seconds.

THRO. C. MUELLER.

August 19, 1923.

Wig Wag

Bilkens showed up with a set of hand-carved features that resembled the field after Chateau Thierry.

"Pete's sake!" gasped a friend. "What happened to your face? Been in an accident?"

"None," returned Bilkens, sadly. "A deaf and dumb barber shaved me and he was feeling chatty."—*Echange*.

Idle Hours

There is no place in the life of the successful man for idle hours. When he works, he works, when he plays, plays. He does each in its appointed time and with purpose. But he is never found, just waiting for "something to turn-up." It is necessary that healthy minds have a certain amount of recreation, but when playtime comes he seeks the kind of diversion that appeals to him and pursues it just as assiduously as he does his work. Hours wisely spent are an investment which will pay dividends during your whole life, hours spent in idleness are a depreciation charge that must be added to your overhead when striking a balance in your Book of Life.—*Ex.*

LOS ANGELES.

In reply to the Akronite's recent statement of his town. (Akron, Ohio) having the largest number of the deaf owning automobiles and homes in the country, the local scribe has ascertained that the number of the deaf auto owners here, exceeds the number in last statement, it being up to the total of 72 at present. Several of the others are planning to purchase autos in the near future. Besides over one hundred own their homes in the city, several of them being very cosy and imposing. By the way, Mr. Wm. A. Phelps owns three autos, besides his own beautiful two-story residence, and also Mr. W. Rotherth owns a handsome two-story residence, besides two autos. Is there any question that this can be beaten?

Secretary O. Guire, Jr., has just announced the officers and Board of Directors of the California Association of the Deaf for the term from August 1923 to August 1925.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. H. L. Terry, Los Angeles.
First Vice-President—D. Kaiser, Whittier.
Second Vice-President—M. J. Mathis, Los Angeles.
Secretary—Mrs. W. F. Schneider, Los Angeles.
Treasurer—D. E. Glidden, Alameda.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

FOR FOUR YEARS.

Mrs. U. L. Cool, Los Angeles.
W. H. Rotherth, Los Angeles.
W. S. Runde, Oakland.
The Officers *Ex Officio*.

FOR TWO YEARS.

Mrs. J. W. Barrett, Los Angeles.
Mrs. E. Bingham, Los Angeles.
William E. Egan, Oakland.
The Officers *Ex Officio*.

The reunion of the Iowa and Nebraska Association of Southern California was held as scheduled last Sunday, at South Park, to honor Dr. J. S. Long, the principal of the Iowa School for the Deaf. He gave to his associates a very interesting speech regarding the improvements of his school. The officers of the Association are President, Sam E. Brown; Vice-President, Miss Nellie Rutledge; Secretary and Treasurer L. L. Glenn.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Stevenson attended the reunion, the former being formerly the Superintendent of Kansas School for the Deaf, but now principal of the Kentucky School for the Deaf.

Those who enjoyed the charm of the Arrowhead Lake Woods were Mr. and Mrs. P. Hurdley and Miss E. Worswick, who have just returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Tate are planning to leave September 3d, for Kansas City, to visit the latter's folks, and then proceed on to New Orleans to visit the former's folks. They will return here afterwards.

Miss Mabel Meyers left sometime ago for Omaha, and will return before the winter season sets in. She will probably return much changed.

Among our recent visitors at the Los Angeles Silent Club were Miss Jessie James, of Oklahoma; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schlager, of Buffalo; E. Bremond, of Austin, Texas; Miss Elizabeth Scott, of Chicago; A. Long, Bakersfield; Mrs. M. Merrell, of St. Louis, and Thomas Elliot, of Minneapolis. Miss J. James, Thomas Elliot and Arthur Long have decided to locate here permanently.

Mr. Wm. J. Hoffman and his young wife, both formerly of Michigan, have recently returned north after a vacation of ten days, spent at Hermosa Beach and in the city. It was the former's second visit here.

Much happiness was brought to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. McDonough in Pasadena by the birth of an eight-pound girl baby on the 8th of August. They call it Ada Louise.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Rotherth and children have returned from Lake Arrowhead. They reported having had a wonderful time there, and would repeat their recreation at the same place next year. Mr. Rotherth caught twenty trout, one of them being the seventeen inches long.

In addition to the number of the local deaf auto owners is Mr. Paul Handley, who just bought a Ford coupe. So is Miss M. Peck, who recently purchased a new Cadillac.

Miss Ella Roy had her tonsils removed which kept her from attending the Silent Club for a couple of weeks. She is herself once more.

Miss Grace Mathews was down to Anaheim, and visited with her aunt, while Mr. and Mrs. Rotherth were away.

Mr. Wm. Phelps was suddenly taken ill, being threatened with an attack of pleurisy, thus preventing him from going to Arrowhead Lake. Now he is himself again.

Miss M. Peck and her inseparable companion, Miss M. Angle, have safely arrived here, after six months spent abroad. The sight of their Hollywood home made them both very happy. They are now taking a comfortable rest.

Motoring here from Council Bluffs, Iowa, was the recent delightful experience of Mr. E. A. Stevenson and Dr. J. S. Long with their wives. They are enjoyed the sights of Southern California now.

Mr. M. J. Mathis resigned from his position of job pressing after a lapse of four years, and secured a better paying position of the same kind, which keeps his eyes open like an owl at night.

A turn out at the Los Angeles Silent Club to attend a Barn Dance and the serving of refreshments this Saturday evening, promises to excel all past records.

E. M. PRICE.

August 22, 1923.

DENVER.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Underhill, who have been in Boulder, Col., for the past month, were in Denver recently as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Northern. Odie turned up at the Frat meeting and made a very appreciative speech. He is a great booster for Colorado, and at the rate he was boosting when we last saw him, he will boost himself into Colorado before long as a permanent resident.

Odie took T. Y. Northern up to his summer cottage, near Ward, Col., for a week's fishing and recreation. Odie says that T. Y. developed into quite a lady killer while up that way. A plan is afoot to organize a camping party of Gallaudetites next year.

Alfred L. Kent will leave for Olathe, Kan., the latter part of August, where he will undertake the task of teaching young printers devils how to set type. Denver Division is losing one of its champion go-getters, but Alfred promises to be back next summer, so he is not a total loss.

Tourists still continue to roll into Denver. A good many Eastern deaf have paid this mile high city a visit. The latest arrivals being R. Rawlings and V. Bowers, of Wichita, Kan., and two other young men, whose names we did not catch. All signify their intention of remaining if they can unlearn jobs. Rawlings and Bowers intend to tackle the Gates Tire Co. We wish them luck, for ever since this firm had two disastrous experiences with the deaf they have steadily refused to employ others. One or two good men would open their eyes.

Wm. Sparling, a former Denverite, is visiting his folks at this time.

J. S. Fisher has taken up farm work for the present. He turned up at the Frat meeting with a goodly coat of tan.

The Frats had a watermelon festival August 18th. A good many watermelons were consumed. One of the stunts put over by Bro. Biller, was to see who had the largest number of seeds on hand at the end of the evening. Wm. Skeehan lost out by a few dozen to John Henry, who counted some six hundred and sixty-two after consuming seven large slices.

Tom L. and Mrs. Anderson after a lengthy trip all over Wyoming and Colorado, are visiting in Boulder.

Dr. J. H. Cloud's next visit will be September 15th and 16th. It is expected that Bishop Ingley will be with us at one service to confirm a class.

Is Colorado dry? It is not (do not rush in, dear friends, as it is as dry as bone when it comes to licker) for it has been raining every day for over three weeks. Not gentle rain, but cloudbursts. It never rains in Colorado, it pours.

Miss Fuller, of Wichita, Kan., has been visiting in Denver for several weeks.

DENVERITE.

What Goes Into the Making of a Baseball?

That baseball you play with every day—did you ever stop to think where it came from? There is a great deal of work and trouble necessary, not only to make a baseball, but to get the parts together in order to start making it.

First, take the cover. It is horsehide and comes from South America, where horses are grown for their hides. The hide has to go through 10 to 18 different processes to make it fit for use on your baseball.

The two pieces of hide are held together by linen thread, which came originally from some Louisiana flax plantation, and had to be treated chemically before it was fit to use.

Just inside the cover is layer of cotton thread, which came from North Carolina, while the wool, which makes up the body of the ball, probably was cut from some sheep in a western state.

The rubber, which gives the ball much of its spring, had to be imported from India, while the cork, which is just inside of the rubber coating, was brought from Portugal. Both the blue and red dyes, as well as the other colors which appear on the baseball stitching thread, were probably manufactured in New Jersey. The ink with which the cover is stamped originally came from China, but is bottled in America.

Mr. Baseball is a globe-trotter, isn't he?—*Rochester Advocate*.

FANWOOD.

Next week—Wednesday, September 12th, is the date of the re-opening of the 1923-24 term here. It will be the beginning of the One Hundred and Fifth Session.

Many have enrolled since the school was opened in 1818—the exact number is 5061 up to the close of the last term. Many more have since been admitted.

The School is proud of the achievements of its graduates.

We hope that during the coming year all the pupils will aim to achieve high results, so that on graduating, Fanwood will be proud of them too.

Every thing is now being done to put the entire Institution in fine condition for the return of the pupils. During the vacation much has been done toward making most necessary repairs.

In past years Fanwood has always been ready to welcome its returning pupils—this year will not be an exception—Wednesday, September 12th, 1923, is the date.

Prof. Edmisten W. Iles, for a number of years a valued teacher of this school, and who has for some time been instructing the Deaf-Blind classes, has resigned his position here to accept the Superintendency of the Arizona School for the Deaf. Of course, Mrs. Ruth G. Iles, who was also a teacher here, goes with him. Though they will be greatly missed, all here wish them success in their new field of labor, which is the same as here, to impart knowledge to the deaf, so that they will become self-supporting and responsible citizens of the country in which we live. May their effort be crowned with success is the earnest wish of every one here.

Two teachers who will be missed this year, are Miss Alice M. Teegarden and Miss Sarah E. Scofield, who have obtained a year's leave of absence in order to go to Japan to study the condition and habits of the natives, and especially the Japanese deaf, how they are taught, and many other things, which they will acquire by study while there. We hope that their efforts will meet with success.

Among other teachers who will not return to us are Miss Andrews, Miss Craver and Miss Whittaker, who have gone to other schools, and Miss Smith and Miss Townsend, who have retired after many years of faithful service.

Miss Grace Peck, sister of Mrs. Fayette Peck Fox, and now matron of the Scranton School for the Deaf, visited the Institution on Thursday.

Principal Gardner returned to the Institution on Monday evening last to attend to necessary business, and went back to Grove Beach, Clinton, Ct., where he will remain until early next week. His family will probably return at the same time.

Mr. August Wriede, Military Instructor and Supervisor of the Boys at the Frederick (Maryland) School for the Deaf called in the JOURNAL office on the 31st of August. Before returning to Frederick, Md., to resume his duties, he expects to go to Romney, W. Va., as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. August Herdfelder, and be present at the Alumni Reunion of the West Virginia State School for the Deaf.

Mr. Albert J. Hockstahl, formerly of Yonkers, N. Y., but for the past nineteen years, a resident of Rochester, N. Y., was a caller on the 29th of August. He has been steadily employed at the famous Eastman works, where they are manufacturing all kinds of photographic supplies, and where about three-fourths of the films for the moving picture industry come from.

Mr. George S. Wilkinson, the House Steward, returned to his post of duty last week from a very pleasant vacation in England, and he looks the picture of health.

Miss Agnes Craig returned to her duties on the 1st, to the joy and delight of the little girls. She always has been liked by one and all here. During her vacation in August she says she had many pleasant outings.

For the past two weeks, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which is printed here at Fanwood on Tuesday, has reached a fair dais in Los Angeles on Thursday (the day of publication). This has been possible by the Airplane Mail Service route. The sender is no other than Mr. Henry Peters, who lives only a block from the school here, and the fair dais is no other than Miss Bell Pusrin, his finance. The idea occurred to him in reading an account of the new Mail Service inaugurated recently from Coast to Coast, that it would be good plan to place in her hands a copy of the JOURNAL on the same day that it is issued, and have her read the doings of her friends in the JOURNAL. It was a very bright and pleasant idea, and the writer is glad to chronicle the fact. The cost is 14 cents, but Mr. Henry Peters does not consider that in the least. It is the novelty and pleasure it gives Miss Pusrin that induced him to do it.

TACOMA.

MOTHERS IN HEAVEN.

"As soon as little children are resuscitated, which takes place immediately after death, they are taken into heaven and confided to angel women, who in the life of the body tenderly loved little children and at the same time loved God. Because these, during their life in the world, loved all children with a kind of motherly tenderness, they receive them as their own; while the children, from an implanted instinct, love them as their own mothers."

After a lingering illness of more than five months, Lillian D. Ecker, 11 years old, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Ecker, passed to the life beyond, on Saturday morning, July 14th. The funeral was held on the following Monday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, at C. C. Mellinger's undertaking parlors.

Rev. George W. Gaertner, of Seattle, pastor of the Lutheran Church for the Deaf, conducted the service, which was largely attended by both deaf and hearing friends, and relatives of the family. Six little girl playmates acted as pall-bearers. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent, including one from Mr. Eckers fellow-employers (hearing) at the Wheeler-Osgood Co., which was a large fancy basket filled with flowers.

The little girl was of a sweet and loving disposition and was very helpful and considerate of her parents, and during those long trying days of her illness she was very patient. The case was an especially pathetic one, in that the parents hardly realized the seriousness of her condition, but the little girl herself realized it, and in a way, prepared them, telling them that she could not live. She passed peacefully to sleep with a happy smile on her face which comforted them.

We shall miss Lillian. Her family have our deepest sympathy. Besides her parents Lillian leaves a younger brother and sister.

Mr. John W. Burgett, of Ashley, Minn., is visiting his brother in Tacoma that he may dispose of his business interests in Minnesota and locate here permanently. He is a shoemaker by trade. He plans, should he decide to make his home here, to purchase a few acres of land in the suburbs and start a little farm of his own.

Miss Leonora Wiggins, of Centralia, Wash., is another new comer to the city. She has been here since last November, but did not meet any deaf here until just recently—in time to attend our picnic on July 4th.

It was previously announced in this column that the July 4th picnic would be held at Stellacoom Lake, but plans were later changed and it was held at Spanaway Lake instead. There was a good attendance; several coming from out of town—the most important of the latter being the newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwald, of Portland, Ore., who were on their honeymoon trip and had just come from Seattle. Those who motored over from Seattle were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. J. Axt and Mr. and Mrs. McConnell.

Others from Seattle were Mr. L. O. Christenson and Mr. Otha Minnick and children. We were all glad to see Mr. Christenson, who is one of our "pioneer" friends, and is of a genial nature that makes him welcome every where he goes.

We should give our bouquets to the living and not wait to place them in their graves!

To resume about the picnic doings. Although there was no official program, Mrs. C. P. Stuard signed "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. S. D. Eaton gave one of his "pioneer days" talks, and short addresses were given by Mr. McConnell, Mr. Key, Mr. Lorenz and Mrs. Seeley, after which a few sports were indulged in.

Mr. A. W. Lorenz made himself responsible for the prizes, giving a box candy to Mrs. Wm. Rowland, who won in the ball throwing contest, and passing a box of cigars to the winning side in the tug-of-war contest.

The tug-of-war was, of course, between Tacoma and Seattle, and although Seattle won, they did not have sufficient "strength" of their own, and had to borrow some of Tacoma's, so that it was not a really-true contest.

Those who actually went from Tacoma to attend the State Convention at Spokane, Wash., were Mr. Ernest Rowland, Mr. George Durrant, of Long Branch, Wash., and "Sunflower" Furlow. The trio went in Ernest Rowland's "Henry."

Mr. S. D. Eaton knows a good thing when he sees it—he subscribed to the JOURNAL for a full twelve months.

Mr. John Gerson is minus a job. It is one of those cases where a new boss was installed in his department, who being "green" as to the ability of the deaf as good workmen, fired all such on sight—including Mr. Ralph Pickett.

So far, Mr. Gerson has not been able to find work elsewhere, but he believes in putting his time to good use so he is employing himself on his place, making a cement celler for his new home, which he plans to build ere long.

Mr. John Gerson made a "flying" trip to Olympia recently to call on Mr. Holger Jensen. No sir, he did not go by airplane!

Mrs. John Gerson enjoyed a short

visit from his sister, Mrs. Koistad, of Astoria, Ore., last June, when the latter was here as a delegate at the Convention of the Daughters of Norway.

Mr. Casper Jacobson, who returned here from his first year at Gallaudet College, on June 20th, left a few days later for Aberdeen, Wash., to work in his brother's garage during the summer vacation. He called on a few friends before leaving, including Mr. and Mrs. John Gerson.

Mrs. George Ecker left here on Thursday, July 19th, for Aberdeen, Wash., to visit her husband's relatives.

Miss Ethel Mason is another of Tacoma's Gallaudet College students, who returned from her first year's course on June 20th. She was accompanied by Miss Ethel Newman, of Walla Walla, Wash. The two girls have been working in the berryfields at Puyallup, Wash., for some time, then went to the Cannery at Kent, Wash., not to be canned. No sir! Miss Newman will visit her parents in Walla Walla before returning to college. The two girls will probably have plenty of "pin" money on their return to college. They are spending most of their week-ends in Tacoma, visiting friends, including Mrs. Eva Seeley. The trio called on Miss Mabel Siegel recently. By the way, speaking of Mrs. Seeley's "Tourist Hotel," the latter says the name should be changed to "The House of E's" (or rather Ease, which is pronounced the same way) since, with these two girls named Ethel, her own name Eva, and her children, Edna and Elinor, the house has certainly been filled with E's.

Miss Mabel Siegel and her mother enjoyed a motor trip to the Green River gorge recently, with friends, arriving there in about two hours. On the return trip they passed through Black Diamond, a coal mining town, and saw the mining district. On another trip they went to St. Clair Lake, this side of Olympia, about four miles east of the Pacific highway. It is a beautiful lake—with little islands scattered about and a profession of water lilies. They paddled about the lake most of the afternoon in a row boat, and picked a big bunch of the lilies, which thrived for nearly a week in vases of water in their home. They were indeed beautiful!

"Silent" McNeish, Tacoma's young amateur light-weight boxer, is quite active in the boxing game among the hearing boxers, and has been receiving much notice on the sporting pages of the local news papers.

"Watch Tacoma Grow!"
TACOMA BOOSTER.
August 24, 1923.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend—Tell and bring your friends.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

Rev. T. H. ACHESON, Pastor
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Everybody Welcome

Gleanings From Blaetter Fuer Taub-stimmenbildung, Vol. 35.

The psychology of the deaf is a recent science.

To set speech before thought does not correspond with the needs of a deaf child.

The objective of this new science is to discover a secure basis upon which to rear a system which facilitates the acquirement of language, spoken and written, according to the most natural, easiest and surest method.

The phonetic system of Hill, Vatter, and others, to all appearances was natural and logical. However, experience of instructions reveals that this system disregards the hunger for speech expression on the part of the child, which learnt to pronounce many sounds and words by constant, tiresome drill, without deriving practical daily use of them. This led thoughtful teachers to demand a reform. A system is sought which considers the deaf child and its needs above system and method.

Pure oralism underestimated the value of writing in the formation of word pictures and relied upon lip-reading only. This system was applied regardless of the great sacrifice and expense of energy on the part of the child. The results were not commensurate with the effort made, hence, the present current back to reasonable use of gestures, manual alphabet, and signs.

The organs of speech are partly hidden from view; their movements are rapid and fleeting; these two elements of speech naturally render the spoken word a very uncertain means of communication for the deaf. It remains uncertain with the majority of the graduates of deaf schools. The exception is considered a marvel everywhere. How much greater, then, is this uncertainty with the young child, during the first years at school. On the other hand, writing and manual alphabet are open aid and certain means of communication.

Writing, manual alphabet, gestures and signs, are necessary in the instruction of the deaf. The sign language properly applied does not prevent the acquisition of correct speech—Rev. S. Klosser in *Our Young People*.

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Greater New York Branch

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized to co-operate with the National Association in the furtherance of its stated objects. Initiation fee, \$1.50. Annual dues, \$1.00. Officers: Harry A. Gillen, President, 416 West 218 Street; Guilbert C. Braddock Secretary, 511 West 148th Street; Samuel Frankenheim, Treasurer, 18 West 107th Street. Meets Quarterly.

Manhattan Div., No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf—Organized for the convenience of those members living in the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, and this Division is well equipped for the admission of new members of good health and good character, and is prepared to provide excellent social pastimes. Among the advantages of this membership is the low rate of insurance and relief in sick and accident cases. It meets on the first Monday of each month at the "Hollywood," 41 West 124th Street. The President is Samuel Frankenheim and the Treasurer is Charles Shatzkin. Address all communications to the Secretary, Y. R. Anderson, 1518 Commonwealth Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. 7-29-24

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Meets first and third Thursdays at Eagle Building, 144th Street, Bronx, N. Y. Business meetings: first Thursday of each month. Social nights, third Thursday of each month. Visitors welcome. For information write to Jack M. Kabin, Secretary, 2089 Vyse Avenue, Bronx, N. Y.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 126th St., New York City.

The object of the Society is to social, recreative and intellectual advancement of its members. Stated meetings are held on the second Thursdays of every month at 8:15 P.M. Members are present for social recreation Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings, and also on holidays. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles, are always welcome. H. Souweine, President; S. Lowenhaus, Secretary. Address all communications to 143 West 126th Street, New York City.

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Ephpheth Social Center

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Ephpheth Sociality Association (Sick Benefit Society) meets first Sunday of each month at 4 P.M. William A. Lucas, Secretary, 6024 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago.

Chicago Council, No. 1, Knights and Ladies De l'Epee, Inc. National Organization for Catholic Deaf (Sick and Death Benefit) meets Third Sunday at 3 P.M. of each month during winter and Second Friday at 8 P.M. during summer. May Katen, Council Secretary, 3084 W. Grenshaw St., Chicago.

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